Morning, Officer!

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Morning, Officer!

by Bordementions

Summary

Fenomeno apprehends a vicious criminal for commuting a heinous crime. Sentencing them to GASP grueling police brutality

Notes

Tee hee hee, self indulgence? What is that? I don't know what you're talking about.

Anyways hope you are all happy with this one because you are going to HATE me for my next fic

See the end of the work for more notes

The first thing you registered was the cold.

Your bed, which usually felt like sleeping next to a well-stoked furnace, was suddenly vast and empty. The sheets on the other side were already cooling, the dip in the mattress where an immense amount of weight usually rested slowly rising.

A sliver of insistent morning sunlight cut through the blinds, painting stripes across the blankets pooled around your waist. You blinked, groaning softly, the fuzz of sleep evaporating as a familiar, rich scent wafted over from the doorway. Coffee

You pushed yourself up onto your elbows, hair tumbling into your face, and squinted. And there he was.

Fenomeno. Your Meno.

He was already wide awake, of course. Patrolling the apartment was probably second nature, even this early. He stood near the foot of the bed, a solid, towering silhouette against the bright window. He was, as you were becoming fondly accustomed to, very unique.

His black hair was a spiky, wild mess from sleep, utterly betraying the perfectly-level officer's cap perched on his head. His ears, usually so alert and angled with purpose, were relaxed, twitching slightly as he registered your movement.

And then there was the outfit. Or, the lack of one.

He was wearing a simple, tight white dress shirt. It was straining across the broad stretch of his shoulders and chest, the muscles of his arms pulling the short sleeves taut. It was completely unbuttoned, hanging open to reveal the hard, defined ridges of his stomach and the sharp cut of his hips. Below that, just a pair of dark, form-fitting sports boxers that did absolutely nothing to hide the sheer power in his thighs. His tail, swayed lazily behind him, the tip brushing the hardwood floor with a soft shush.

He was holding two mugs of coffee. Seeing you awake, his intense, violet eyes softened instantly, the usual fiery glare replaced with a sleepy, genuine warmth that was reserved just for you.

He padded closer, the floorboards silent under his bare feet despite his size. The mattress dipped significantly as he sat on the edge, his frame making him loom over you even while seated. He had to bend down

to meet your gaze, the brim of his hat casting a shadow over his face.

"Good morning, Boss," he rumbled. His voice, usually so sharp and projecting with commands, was a low, gravelly thing in the morning, stripped of its duty-bound severity. I've prepared your usual."

He held out one of the mugs. His hand, large enough to palm your entire head, dwarfed the simple ceramic cup, but his offering was gentle.

You rubbed the sleep from your eyes, a slow smile pulling at your lips as you sat up properly, wrapping the sheet around your torso. You took the mug, your fingers brushing his. His skin was so warm.

"Good morning, Meno," you murmured, taking a sip. Perfect. Just how you liked it. "You're already on patrol, I see. What's the offense? Unauthorized sleeping-in?"

A faint flush crept up his neck, visible against the pale skin of his open shirt. He adjusted the brim of his hat—a nervous tic you adored.

"Negative, Boss. Just... ensuring the perimeter is secure," he replied, his 'officer' voice trying to surface, but failing. He took a sip from his own mug, his gaze drifting over your face. "And... I didn't want your coffee to get cold."

"Right," you teased, leaning forward. You hooked a finger into the open placket of his shirt, right in the center of his chest. The muscle there was solid rock under your touch. "You know, 'Officer,' this uniform is severely out of regulation."

Meno's breath hitched, just slightly. His ears flicked, a sure sign you had his full, undivided attention.

"I... It is a temporary measure, Boss," he stammered, trying to sound formal. "This... this is merely..."

"Merely driving your trainer crazy?" you supplied, giving a gentle tug. "C'mere. The perimeter's not secure until you've been properly debriefed."

His gaze dropped to your lips, then back to your eyes. That intense, fiery dedication was back, but it wasn't for traffic laws or helping kids cross the street. It was just for you.

"Copy that, Boss," he whispered, setting his mug down on the

nightstand with deliberate care.

He leaned in, those eyes locked on your lips, his height eclipsing the morning light as he loomed over you. His free hand came up, planting firmly on the mattress beside your head, caging you in with one arm, his other hand coming up to your chin. The heat rolling off his bare chest was intoxicating.

"Boss..." he murmured, his voice a low thrum that vibrated through the bed, his face just inches from yours.

This was your opening.

Instead of meeting his advance, your free hand shot up like a viper, fingers deftly snatching the cap right off his head.

"Got it!" you yelped, a triumphant laugh bubbling out of you.

In the same motion, you used his arm planted on the bed to push yourself away, scrambling over the tangle of blankets and tumbling right off the far side of the bed. You landed in a heap on the floor, the sheet pooling around your ankles, but you were on your feet in a second, holding his hat aloft like a trophy.

"What's the matter, Officer?" you taunted, backing toward the bedroom door. "Lose something?"

Meno froze. His already wild hair seemed to bristle up even further. His ears, which had been relaxed and angled toward you, shot straight up, swiveling in disbelief. You saw his brain reboot, processing the prank.

Then, his eyes narrowed. The sleepy warmth vanished, replaced instantly by a fiery glare.

He rose from the bed.

"HALT!" he boomed, his voice suddenly the parade ground bellow you knew so well, echoing in the small bedroom. "Theft of Public Discipline Committee property! That is a Class-A violation, Boss!"

He slammed his hand down on the bed with a decisive thud and pointed a commanding finger at you.

"Cease and desist immediately! Surrender the equipment!"

"You'll have to catch me first, Meno!" you shrieked, dissolving into

laughter as you made a mad dash for the doorway.

You made it exactly two steps.

The floorboards behind you thumped once, a sound like a cannonball dropping, and the air displaced by his movement washed over you. Before you could even reach the doorframe, a shadow fell over you, and two massive hands clamped around your waist from behind.

"Resisting arrest is an additional charge!" he declared, his voice right by your ear, though you could hear the laughter he was desperately trying to suppress.

With a single, effortless grunt, he hoisted you.

Your feet left the floor. The world tilted, and suddenly you were airborne, held aloft in his powerful grip as he spun you around. You yelped, instinctively wrapping your arms around his hat to protect it as he pressed your back firmly against his bare chest.

"Hey! Unfair! Put me down! This is abuse of power!" you laughed, squirming and kicking your legs. It was completely futile; it was like trying to wiggle out of a concrete block. You were dangling a good two feet off the ground, his arms clenched around your ribs like a belt.

"Negative, suspect!" he retorted, adjusting his grip to secure you with one arm wrapped tightly around your stomach. He used his free hand to try and pry the hat from your grasp. "Relinquish the stolen item! I must restore my uniform’s integrity!"

His huge fingers brushed your sides as he reached, and you shrieked, squirming harder. "No! That tickles! That's an illegal tactic!"

"All tactics are authorized in the recovery of official... ngh... Stop wriggling, Boss!" he grunted, his 'officer' voice cracking as he buried his face in the crook of your neck, his own laughter finally breaking free. His spiky hair tickled your cheek. "You are... you are a threat to public order!"

"It's my hat now! Finders keepers, losers weepers!" you retorted, trying to bop him on the head with it, but he had you held too close.

"That is... not... in the rulebook!" he laughed, finally hooking his fingers under the brim of the hat and tugging. "Surrender, Boss! Or I'll be forced to... to deploy enhanced interrogation techniques!"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"My duty compels me!" he declared, and his free hand, no longer reaching for the hat, shot straight for your ribs.

His fingers, huge and strong, splayed out across your side. It wasn't a light, feathery tickle. It was a full-on assault. He didn't even have to try; his large hands covered so much territory at once, digging into your ribs, your waist, and the sensitive skin under your arms all at the same time.

An unholy shriek of pure, uncontrolled laughter ripped out of you.

"NO! MENO! STO-HAHAHA-STOP! THAT'S—!" you wheezed, thrashing wildly. It was completely pointless. You were still dangling two feet off the floor, pressed against his solid chest, and his arm was unmoving around your stomach. "ILLEGAL! THAT'S TORTURE! A WA-HAHA-AR CRIME!"

"All interrogation techniques are authorized!" he boomed, but his own voice was shaking with suppressed laughter, his warm breath puffing against your neck. "Surrender the stolen property, Boss!"

"NEVER—!" you tried to shout, but his fingers found a new spot, right where your ribs met your stomach, and your body arched in a violent, ticklish spasm. "OKAY! OKAY! I SURRENDER! TRUCE! I GIVE! TAKE THE STUPID HAT!"

Your fingers, completely nerveless from the laughter, finally uncurled. The officer's cap dropped from your grasp, tumbling end over end before landing softly on the bedroom floor.

"Suspect detained," Meno rumbled, his attack ceasing instantly, though his hand remained warmly, threateningly, on your side.

"Now put... huff... put me down, you big bully," you panted, your sides aching, tears of mirth at the corners of your eyes.

"Affirmative, Boss," he chuckled. But he didn't just put you down.

He kept you held tight against his chest, turned, and took two steps back to the bed. He didn't drop you so much as tumble with you, falling onto the mattress and bringing you down with him. The landing was soft, a whoosh of air from the duvet, but you suddenly found your positions reversed.

You were on your back, and he was on top.

He was a mountain of warm, solid muscle, a living, breathing, eight-foot-tall heating blanket. He braced his weight on his massive forearms on either side of your head, on top of you completely. His hair, now thoroughly mussed, fell forward, framing his face. His unbuttoned shirt tented over the both of you, creating a private, warm space. He loomed over you, his violet eyes, now free of their glare, sparkling with pure, unadulterated fondness.

You lay there, panting and catching your breath, staring up at him. "That... was completely... unfair," you finally managed to get out, poking a finger into the center of his bare chest. "Abuse of power. I'm reporting you to the... hat committee."

Meno let out a low, deep chuckle that vibrated from his chest straight into yours. "Duly noted, Boss. But... the situation was resolved. The perimeter is secure." He reached over the side of the bed, snagged his hat from the floor, and with a flick of his wrist, tossed it onto the dresser, where it landed with a soft thwump.

"Good," he murmured, his loud voice completely gone, replaced by that low, intimate rumble. "Now... there's the matter of... resisting arrest."

Before you could even form a protest, his hands were on you again, those big fingers digging back into your ribs for one last, devastating tickle.

"MENO! NO! I SAID TRUCE!" you shrieked, dissolving back into a fit of helpless giggles, your back arching off the bed. "MERCY! MERCY! I'LL... I'LL MAKE YOU BREAKFAST!"

"Hm," he considered, his attack softening to a lighter, lazier skittering of fingers that just made you squirm. "Bribing an officer is also a crime, but I suppose I can look the other way just for you Boss."

He stopped, but he didn't move. He just settled down. The immense weight of him eased as he shifted, rolling half off you to lie on his side, but he never broke contact. One of his arms snaked under your back, pulling you flush against his side. His other arm came around your waist, tugging you in so close you were practically plastered to his torso.

You let out a long, contented sigh, the adrenaline and laughter fading, leaving only a deep, spreading warmth. You buried your face in the

curve of his shoulder, inhaling his scent.

He was so, so warm. The empty chill of the bed from minutes ago felt like a distant memory. He adjusted his position, his chin coming to rest on the top of your head. You felt a heavy, soft weight settle over your legs and groaned in comfort. His dark tail had curled up onto the bed, draping over you both like a second, heavier blanket.

"You're... so heavy," you mumbled into his chest, your voice thick with sleepiness.

"Affirmative," he rumbled, his chest vibrating again." He pulled the actual blankets up with his free hand, cocooning you both in a nest of warmth.

"Just... just five more minutes, Meno," you whispered.

You felt him press a light, soft kiss to the top of your head.

"Copy that, Boss. Resuming... patrol... in five."

End Notes

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